

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper



A MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NOBLE SUITOR.

HAD Captain Devereux kept every promise as faithfully as he did the one to avail himself of the squire's general invitation, he would certainly have escaped the guilt of broken vows. Almost every second day found him dropping in at the Elms on one account or other. His ingenuity in finding

excuses was remarkable, but the best and most frequent he had was to consult Delamere on subjects involved in the reconstruction of Fort Frederick. The squire prided himself on his knowledge of military engineering, particularly the art of fortification, of which he was an amateur, and had studied Vauban and other authorities. It was not in man—at least, it was not in Delamere—to be insensible to the flattering fact that a captain in his Majesty's service, and the nephew of an English peer, to whom

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an important work of the kind had been entrusted, should be coming at all hours of the twenty-four to request his opinion regarding plans and projects for strengthening the place. As a natural consequence, the captain grew in favour with him, was always made welcome and pressed to stay, while the other officers of the company, though occasionally invited to the Elms, were generally left out of sight and out of mind.

When they had reached this stage of intimacy, Devereux found another subject on which to consult the squire. He had shared a family dinner one day, and as the door closed on the retreat of Constance and Hannah, and the gentlemen were left alone, the captain drew a deep sigh and said, "Ah, Mr. Delamere, you are a happy man!"

"I don't know that," said the squire; "I have had my share of troubles and trials in this world, as most people have, I suppose."

"No doubt of it, my dear sir; but what I meant was that you are happy in having such a daughter," and the captain sighed again.

"Oh, Constance is a good girl, and rather handsome, I think;" Delamere was looking into his glass and endeavouring to take the matter coolly.

"Good!" cried the captain; "she is an angel; handsome—her beauty is beyond comparison! What a sensation it would create in the court circle or the fashionable world of London; but it is not in those scenes of gaiety and splendour that the whole amount of her worth could be known. No; it is in the home, which her presence would make beautiful and her smile fill with sunshine. Mr. Delamere, a man gets tired of tossing about the world without a home or a helpmate, as your good ministers say. That is my case. I have seen a good deal of high life—a good deal of government service, too; but there is nothing like domestic peace and affection when one has come to years of discretion. In short, I mean to settle as soon as possible; that is, if I can obtain the woman of my choice. With my connections one would have many a chance of pairing off to advantage, you know; but I could not, squire—I could not marry except I loved, as I do now, with my whole heart. You will excuse the unceremonious manner of a brother-in-arms—is your charming daughter engaged?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Delamere; "and I am sure Constance would do nothing of the kind unknown to me."

"I am certain she would not, and I, as a man of honour, could not think of addressing her without first consulting you. Be kind enough to tell me then in plain terms," and the captain's voice took a tone of tremulous anxiety, "may I ask—may I hope—for the honour of her hand?"

"Well," said the squire, considerably nonplussed for a suitable reply, "they say in New England that a man courts or fights best for himself. My Constance must be wooed and won like other fair ladies, I suppose. She is not a girl to go without offers, for besides the fortune of her face, which her looking-glass tells her of every day, Constance will inherit the Elms. I have no other heir, and fortunately the estate was not entailed when I lost my son; you have probably heard in what manner from Governor Gage."

"Oh, yes—yes; do not recall such sad—" As the captain spoke a weird groan sounded through the quiet and now darkened room, for the night was

falling, and he sprang from his chair with such a bound as almost to upset the table.

"Why, captain, I did not think you were so easily alarmed," said Delamere, as soon as pure astonishment would allow him to speak. "That is a peculiar sound though; it comes through a minute crevice in the frame of the window there when the wind happens to be turning," and he rose and rang for the candles.

"Ah, the wind does make strange sounds through crevices. I wonder you don't get that one filled up; it quite startled me, it was so like the cry of an owl. You must know I have a strange antipathy to that bird of night. They tell me I was frightened by one of them in my infancy at our family seat in Suffolk. But as you have mentioned Miss Delamere's prospects," and Devereux drew his chair nearer to that of the squire, "of course that is the very last thing I should consider, but I think it right to acquaint you with mine. As the eldest nephew of the present Viscount Lavenham, who has lived a bachelor, and is now an old one, I am heir to the family estate and title, but have not much else to count upon, except a reversionary interest in—let me see, I think it is twenty thousand pounds on the decease of two maiden aunts, both far advanced in years." Seated there in the full light of the wax candles, and looking so military, distinguished, and *débonnaire*, nobody would have thought him the man to be startled by a moan of the wind in the deepening twilight. "The dear old tabbies," he continued; "long may they enjoy their dividends! They never meant to be in the least hurry getting out of my way to the principal; they had quite a different plan of providing for me, which they used to propound when I was a youngster, spending my holidays with them. What do you think it was, squire?"

"Buying you a commission, I suppose?" said Delamere.

"Something much better. Only look at this, I brought it to show you as a curiosity, but the subject of our conversation banished every other from my mind," and Devereux produced from one of the capacious pockets in his broad-skirted coat of the period a roll of parchment, which he handed to the squire.

The latter opened it, and saw for the first time what he had heard his father, his grandfather, and their contemporaries of the Archdale family talk of, among their old tales and traditions of the settlement—namely, a grant of the lands now called the Elms and the Plantation, by his most gracious Majesty Charles II to Cecil Devereux, Viscount Lavenham. An ancient map appended showed the lands in their wilderness state on both sides of the Connecticut; but the grant had been actually renewed by George III.

"It is a curiosity," said Delamere, when he had read the document; "but of course of no effect. How strange it is that the king and his advisers should accept such a map made in 1662, and then at fault; for Archdale's great grandfather and mine were in possession of the estates, and had reclaimed and built upon them."

"My dear sir," said the captain, in his most persuasive tone, "kings and ministers have so many near-hand affairs to occupy their attention, that they are apt to lose the knowledge of things abroad. I don't know what induced my uncle to get the grant renewed; it strikes me Lord Granville did it before

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he went out of office to please the poor old maidens; they always set apart the tract of land in America for my sole use and benefit. The parchment is certainly of no effect as regards you, Mr. Delamere—a man of sound principles and a loyal subject; but there are those whom it might concern if the British Government should come to a sharp reckoning with these provinces."

Delamere gave him an astonished stare. "It may be my dulness, but really I do not understand you."

"There will be a great change when you become dull, squire; but the fact is, we of the old country, who have connections in court and cabinet, get a knowledge of intended measures and arrangements of which the public do not yet dream. That happens to be the case with my family; we have always been intimate with the Granvilles; my mother was related to Lord North, and my uncle, the viscount, is one of his oldest friends. From these sources I have certain information of what no man but yourself, my dear Mr. Delamere, should hear from me," and the captain assumed the air of a man who had a solemn secret to impart.

"Should the plotters of treason in this country proceed to open insurrection, as it is expected they will in the course of next year, for the ministry are better acquainted with their secret councils than they imagine, the rebellion will be put down with a strong hand, and government will take the opportunity thus afforded to curtail the power and pretensions of large proprietors throughout the provinces, because the king himself considers them the most dangerous class of his American subjects. As his Majesty said in a private conversation with which he honoured my uncle in the royal gardens at Kew, 'their large estates and retinues have made them so insolent, that they fancy themselves independent of the crown; but we will change all that.' So they will, Mr. Delamere; depend upon it, charters and patents shall be done away with, as they were in Charles II's time, a little before that grant was made, I believe; titles and proprietary rights shall be strictly investigated, and some high heads shall be shorn of their grandeur. That George Washington, who makes such a fuss in Virginia, will find his wings clipped in Mount Vernon; the fellow has a demesne there that might serve the Prince of Wales. And that squire on the other side of the river, Mr. Delamere, I understand you have given up his acquaintance; let me congratulate you on having done so in time, for he is a more than suspected man; his son is known to be a downright rebel; forfeiture and confiscation always follow attainders of treason, and an ancient grant would of course take effect in favour of any faithful servant of the crown."

"I hope you are mistaken as regards Archdale," said the squire; "though I did give up his acquaintance on account of his son's doings and his own opinions, there was a time when I had not a better friend in the world; and I would do anything yet to prevent his coming to such loss and ruin."

"My dear sir, there is no mistake in the matter; I have seen compromising evidence in his own handwriting, and things must take their course. Neither myself nor any of my family would wish to entirely dispossess a man so situated, though, of course, our claim is worth considering; and a loyal gentleman like yourself might be able to secure a remnant of the Plantation for him—that is, if you had influential

connections in the old country. Have you any such, Mr. Delamere?" and the captain endeavoured to look disinterested.

"No; my connections are all on this side of the Atlantic—born Americans, every one," said Delamere.

"Ah, that is a little unfortunate—I mean, my dear sir, in view of the chances and changes which probable events are sure to bring. This parchment cannot directly affect your interest in the Elms; if it could, my own hands should thrust it in yonder fire"—the captain made a gesture worthy of any stage hero—"but should anything happen to cut short your life, which Providence prevent, yet if the like did happen, and your daughter were left young, solitary, and unprotected, myself at a distance on his Majesty's service, and, therefore, unable to take her part as I would do with my life, who can say what use might be made of a grant so recently renewed? No man could vouch for his relations in such a case; and, between ourselves, I would not vouch for mine."

"No man can well vouch for another; but this instrument could not affect the interests of my child any more than mine," said Delamere. "If I were called away, law and justice should still remain. Constance is my direct heiress, and we have relations in every province of New England, all honest and loyal men, who would maintain her right to her father's property."

"No doubt they would, and my fears are groundless; one is apt to have such fears on account of those in whom one is deeply interested. But, squire, this old curiosity—thing of the past, I may say—has led our talk away from the question nearest my heart; may I hope for the happiness of becoming your son-in-law?"

"If you can get my daughter's consent, captain, you shall have mine; from what I know of you, as well as what you have told me of your prospects and connections, I think Constance might make a worse match; but not for the King of England would I put any pressure on the inclinations of my only child. Success to your wooing is the best I can say; but you know the proverb, 'A faint heart never won a fair lady,'" and Delamere smiled encouragingly.

"I know it, my dear sir; and with your good will I fear nothing. Ah, how can I thank you for this kindness to a stranger!" but there was a look of disappointment in Devereux's eyes. "The best way to show my gratitude will be to prove myself worthy of it," and he wrapped up the parchment and returned it to his coat pocket, then glanced at the time-piece, and rose hastily, exclaiming, "Dear me, I did not think it was so late; how time flies in such conversation, squire! But I must go now, and get up early in the morning to see if that stupid engineer can understand your suggestions about the escarpment."

The hospitable Delamere pressed him in vain to stay a little longer, and intimated that Constance might come in to bid him good-night. She was assisting at one of Hannah's apple-bees that evening; those institutions were conducted with great quiet and propriety by the prudent Quakeress—but the captain responded, "Not for the world, my dear sir, would I disturb the young lady in the midst of her domestic duties;" and, after a most friendly leave-taking, he mounted his horse and rode away.

The bee was still in progress, and Delamere sat alone, thinking of all that had passed between him



and his visitor. The captain's proposal was not unexpected; his undisguised admiration of Constance, and the marked attentions he paid her, had prepared the squire for something of the kind. Neither was it unwelcome. Delamere had a true Tory's veneration for aristocratic rank; the lords of England stood next to the king, and must for ever stand above the commons in his system of things. Here was the prospect of a noble alliance, which would make his Constance a viscountess some day, with all the rights of privilege and precedence, and all the glory of the Lavenham coronet. "What a lucky chance that she has entirely given up Sydney Archdale," thought the simple squire; "no disengaged girl would think of refusing Devereux; if he is some years older, he will make the more discreet and steady husband." Then Delamere found himself wishing that the captain's family were better known in America, and that his past history could be learned from some acquaintance more familiar and less reticent than Governor Gage. But he had evidently a true love for Constance; he had begun by asking her father's consent—that was like a man of honour, and after the squire's own heart. He had spoken with good sense and propriety on every point, and stated his prospects and expectations with modesty and exactness; but there was one incident of the evening which did not please the squire so well, and that was the production of the lately renewed grant. The captain had said it was only a curiosity, and his own sense told him it must be null and void; but Devereux's insinuations regarding the use that might be made of it in case Constance was left fatherless and unprotected in the troubled times that seemed approaching, coupled with the explicit information he appeared to possess on government plans and intentions, gave the subject a weight and importance in his thoughts which Delamere could not well define.

A man better acquainted with society as it existed in the old capitals of Europe would have been warned, by the over-assumption and unaccountable perturbations of the noble suitor, that there was something remarkably wrong. But Delamere had spent his life on the skirts of the primeval forests, among a farming and pastoral people as honest and open-hearted as himself.

Whether the renewal of that grant was a complete forgery, or had been obtained by secret influence to serve the ends of the Lavenham family, could never be ascertained. Certain it was that official men in England were singularly misinformed regarding things in America—whether by their friends or enemies it were hard to say; but they committed strange mistakes in consequence; and it was equally certain that proceedings akin to those which the captain set forth, were believed to be contemplated by the king and his ministers.

Neither they nor their Tory friends on both sides of the Atlantic were capable of discerning the signs of the times. It was not the determined struggle out of which a nation was born that they expected, but a hasty insurrection of rash and inconsiderate men, to be easily crushed, and thus give fair occasion for the establishment of arbitrary power throughout the American provinces. Entertaining a similar view, Delamere accepted the statements of his intended son-in-law as a ministerial revelation. It was an alarming one for a native of the land; but the zealous partisan is never a patriot. The royal prerogative must be maintained, the Acts of Parliament

must be enforced. Why should not the promoters of treason pay the forfeits they had incurred? and then he thought of the captain's assertions regarding Archdale. Was it not his duty, for old friendship's sake, to warn him privately of the risk he was running? How many a generous impulse does petty ambition stifle! The squire's second thought was, that if he did so, it might lead to the old friendship's renewal, a thing to be avoided now, lest thereby Archdale's son might find an opportunity to wile away Constance from him and the brilliant match intended for her. Must he, then, leave Archdale to his fate? Here Delamere was startled from his dark brown study, for a light hand was laid on his shoulder, something savoury steamed under his nose, and, looking up, he saw Constance holding there a splendid specimen of the dough-nut order.

"I knew you were alone, father," said the laughing girl, "and I brought you this from our bee; it was myself that made it."

"You are always thinking of your old father, Constance," said the squire, taking up the little present and gazing on it with admiration. "There is a dough-nut fit for a prince. Won't I finish it when it is cool enough! Always thinking of your old father, and yet you will be leaving him some day for a fine young man with no grey on his head."

"No, father; I will never leave you for any man," cried Constance.

"What, not for one that wears a scarlet coat, and may be called my lord before he is much older? Constance, I will tell you a secret;" and Delamere threw his arm about her slender waist, whispered in her ear, "Captain Devereux has this evening asked you from me in marriage. What is the matter, my girl?" he continued, almost frightened, for his daughter's face had turned deadly pale.

"Nothing, father; only I don't want to marry the captain—I don't want to marry anybody, but stay with you all my days. Surely you would not send me away?" said poor Constance.

"No fear of that, my own daughter; you are all I have to care for in this world. But every girl means to marry, or ought to mean it, and where could you get a better match than Captain Devereux? He is a gentleman by birth," and Delamere proceeded to enlarge on the captain's expectations and connections—on the prospect his wife should have of being called Viscountess of Lavenham and your ladyship—of being presented at court and taking precedence of all untitled people in every assembly, public or private, of sporting arms on the panels of her carriage, and a coronet everywhere; but his daughter's look only grew more sad and troubled.

"Father," she said, at length, "I don't care for these things, and I don't like the captain."

"Why, my child?" demanded Delamere; and there Constance was puzzled, her impressions of Devereux remained the same as they were on that first evening of their acquaintance, but she could not translate them into words, for they were derived from the instinctive perceptions of the mind, and not from any outward cause or reason that could be quoted.

"Father, I don't know why, it may be foolish to say so, but I do not and never shall like him. You know I would do anything to please you; but, father dear, don't bid me marry Captain Devereux."

Her look of mingled terror and distress was too much for the kindly squire. He drew her closer to

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his heart, and said, "Constance, I would not bid you to marry the King of England except you were willing; but as you don't know exactly why you dislike the captain, your mind may change—as ladies' minds often do. Your dear mother refused me twice and accepted me at the third asking. I don't think she ever regretted it; but we will say no more at present; there is time enough for you to consider the captain's case and come to a conclusion one way or other."

## EARLY CIVILISATION.

II.—ON THE SUPPOSED ANTIQUITY OF CIVILISATION IN EGYPT.

BY CANON RAWLINSON, M.A., CAMDEN PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

IN September, 1874, Professor Owen, speaking at the International Congress of Orientalists in London,\* declared that the space of "7,000 years was but a brief period to be allotted to the earliest, the oldest civilised and governed community," that of Egypt. In September, 1875, Sir John Hawkshaw, in his address to the British Association, at Bristol,† spoke, with more moderation, of the art of building in stone, as "having reached the greatest perfection in Egypt" (in the erection of the pyramid) "5,000 years ago." It is manifest that these statements are conflicting. The one would place the commencement of Egyptian civilisation about B.C. 5000; the other 1,500 years later. Even the latter estimate is, according to some writers, extravagant, being (as they think) about a thousand years in excess of the true date.

It is scarcely creditable to the professors of historical science, that it should be possible for scientific men to make assertions so widely at variance as these upon (seemingly) good authority. Yet it must be confessed that both Professor Owen and the learned president of the British Association based their statements upon calculations made by historians of name. Strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed to find, in Greek, and Roman, and Modern, and Jewish history, dates determined almost always within a twelvemonth or two, it is the fact that among the best writers on early Egyptian history the views prevalent as to the chronology differ by hundreds and even thousands of years!

This fact, taken by itself, is sufficient to prove that the matter is one in the highest degree uncertain, and therefore one upon which nobody has at the present time any right to dogmatise. Positive assertions are out of place upon such a subject, and when any statement is made with respect to it, candour requires that the speaker, or writer, should at the same time warn those whom he addresses, that the views which he adopts are controverted by persons as eminent as those who uphold them.

In the present paper we propose, first, to state fully the extent of the variation which exists in the views of first-rate Egyptologists on the subject of the Antiquity of Civilisation in Egypt; secondly, to explain the grounds upon which the different writers base their views, and so unfold the causes of the

variation; and thirdly, to endeavour to come to some conclusion upon the question, to which of the views probability, upon the whole, most inclines.

I. A general consent on the part of almost all authors attaches the commencement of Civilisation in Egypt to the name of a certain M'na, Mén, or Menes,‡ who is believed to have been the first king. The Greek writers and the Egyptian monuments agree in assigning to Menes this position; and consequently we may regard the inquiry upon which we are entering as equivalent to another; viz., "At what time did King Menes ascend the Egyptian throne?" Now the earliest date which we find assigned by modern authors to this event is the year B.C. 5004. This is the date preferred by M. Mariette, "Director of the Service of Conservation of the Antiquities of Egypt," and founder, arranger, curator, and expositor of the Museum of Antiquities at Cairo. It has been adopted† in his "Manual of Ancient Oriental History," by M. Mariette's most distinguished follower, M. François Lenormant, and is now generally taught in the schools of France, where M. Lenormant's work has been accepted as an educational handbook.

Dr. Brugsch, Director of the Museum of Antiquities at Berlin, and the author of a valuable "History of Egypt," places (or at any rate placed in 1859) the accession of Menes in the year B.C. 4455, five centuries and a half later than the time assigned to it by MM. Lenormant and Mariette.‡

Dr. Lepsius, in his "Chronologie der Egypter," published in 1849, gave the date of Menes as B.C. 3892, while Baron Bunsen originally fixed his accession to the year B.C. 3623. Subsequent researches and calculations induced the latter writer to modify his earlier views, and, finally, he gave, in the last volume of his "Egypt,"§ as the first of Menes the year B.C. 3059.

Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, Head of the Numismatic Department in the British Museum, and a good hieroglyphic scholar, in his article on "Chronology," written for the "Dictionary of the Bible" in 1860, gave the date of B.C. 2717 as that to which his calculations led him,|| at the same time admitting the great uncertainty in which the whole subject of early Egyptian chronology was involved, and desiring that his numbers should be considered as merely approximate.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who, on the whole, must be regarded as the greatest of English Egyptologists, declared, in the year 1862, that he agreed in the main with Mr. R. Stuart Poole,¶ but, slightly modifying some of his numbers, produced, as the approximate date of the accession of Menes, the year B.C. 2691.\*

These views all claim to be the results of original research, and have been put forward by persons (more or less) acquainted with the Egyptian monuments, and (more or less) competent to translate and expound the hieroglyphical inscriptions. Before proceeding to explain how it comes to be possible that such different views can be taken, it will, perhaps, help the reader to appreciate the diversity if we

\* M'na is the native form of the word; Mén, that used by Herodotus (ii. 99); Menes is found in Manetho (ap. Euseb. "Chron. Can." i. 20).

† See the "Manual de l'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. I., p. 521.

‡ "Histoire d'Egypte," p. 287.

§ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. v., p. 63.

|| "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I., p. 508.

¶ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. II., p. 287, 2nd edition.

\* Ibid., pp. 289-290.

\* See the "Times" of Sept. 21, 1874.

† Ibid., Aug. 26, 1875.

tabulate the views themselves, and express numerically their differences :—

few quotations in those of Josephus, by means of which a good idea may be formed of its general

DATE FOR ACCESSION OF MENES.

	B.C.	Later than Mariette.	Later than Brugsch.	Later than Lepsius.	Later than Bunsen.	Later than Stuart Poole.
Mariette and Lenormant	5004	—	—	—	—	—
Brugsch .....	4455	549	—	—	—	—
Lepsius.....	3802	1112	603	—	—	—
Bunsen (early view).....	3623	1381	802	209	—	—
Bunsen (later view).....	3059	1945	1390	833	—	—
Stuart Poole	2717	2237	1733	1175	342	—
G. Wilkinson	2091	2313	1704	1201	303	20

II. We have now to show how it has happened that these various writers, having all of them the same data, have been able to come to such very different conclusions, conclusions which, as will be seen, differ in the extremest case by a period of *above two thousand three hundred years!*

Now the first cause of such a great diversity is the fact that the Egyptians themselves were without the chronological idea. Not only had they no era, but it was not their habit to enter into computations of time, or to trouble themselves with anything beyond the consideration of the number of years that the existing "divinity" had sat upon the Egyptian throne. In some few cases, where another divinity, incarnate Apis, was believed to have been present with them, they went so far, in noting his arrival and departure, as to mention in one connection the regnal years of two kings; and from these notices—known as those of the *Apis Stela*\*—we sometimes obtain important results; but otherwise chronology is upon the Egyptian monuments almost non-existent. This is the unanimous confession of the Egyptologists. "The evidence of the monuments" in respect of the chronology, says Mr. R. Stuart Poole,† "is neither full nor explicit." "Chronology," says Baron Bunsen,‡ "cannot be elicited from them." "The greatest obstacle," says M. Mariette,§ "to the establishment of a regular Egyptian chronology is the circumstance that the Egyptians themselves never had any chronology at all."

In default of any general monumental scheme of Egyptian chronology, all attempts to construct such a scheme must have been abandoned had not a work been written by an Egyptian priest under the Ptolemies (ab. b.c., 280—250), of which certain abstracts have come down to us. Manetho, a priest of Sebennytus, composed in Greek, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, a history of Egypt, which he professed to have taken from the archives preserved in the Egyptian temples. This work is lost, but abstracts of it have reached us in the writings of Eusebius|| and Syncellus,¶ and a

character. It divided Egyptian history into three periods, which it called respectively the Old Empire, the Middle Empire, and the New Empire. To the first of these it assigned eleven dynasties; to the second, six dynasties; to the third, fourteen dynasties; in all, thirty-one dynasties. It assigned to each dynasty a certain number of years, and (without perhaps distinctly stating that it was so\*) produced the impression that the dynasties were consecutive, and formed a single continuous series. Had this been the case, the time which they had occupied would have been, according to Manetho's numbers, from 5,040 to 5,358 years,† and the commencement of the Old Empire would have fallen between b.c. 5372 and b.c. 5678.

Lists of kings, accompanied by regnal years, but unaccompanied by events, or accompanied only by very improbable events, as that one of them was carried off by a hippopotamus, and that under another the Nile flowed with honey for eleven days,‡ are not generally treated with much tenderness by modern historical critics, who are apt to consign the Assyrian and Median lists of Ctesias,§ the Sicyonian, Argive, Athenian, and early Macedonian lists of Eusebius,|| the Corinthian list of Diodorus,¶ and the Alban list of Livy\*\* to the historical waste-paper basket. Manetho has been made an exception to the general rule, on account of the fact that his lists accord to a great extent with those on the Egyptian monuments, and appear beyond any reasonable doubt to have been drawn from them. His kings are thus admitted on all hands to be—for the most

\* It is not at all clear that Manetho himself represented all his dynasties as consecutive. Neither Eusebius nor Africanus appears to have been in possession of his work. So far as we can tell, all that they had before them was a *synopsis*, or abstract. The opinion of Eusebius was, distinctly, that many of the dynasties were contemporary. "If the quantity of time is in excess," he says, "we must remember that there were, perhaps, at one and the same time, several kings in Egypt; for we are told that the Thinites and Memphites reigned simultaneously, and likewise the Ethiopians and the Saites, and others also. Moreover, some seem to have reigned in one place, some in another, each dynasty being confined to its own canton; so that the several kings did not rule successively, but different kings reigned at the same time in different places."—"Chron. Can.," l. 20, sec. 3.

† Manetho's dynastic numbers, as given by Syncellus, professedly from Eusebius, produce a minimum of 5,040 years; as reported in the Armenian Version of Eusebius, a minimum of 5,207 years; as reported by Eusebius from Africanus, they give 5,358 years.

‡ Manetho ap. Eusebius, "Chron. Can.," l. 20, sec. 4.

§ Ap. Syncellus, "Chronograph," pp. 96—165; and ap. Diod. Sic., ii

32—34.

|| "Chron. Can.," l. 25, 27, 30, and 37.

¶ Ap. Euseb., "Chron. Can." l. 34.

\*\* Liv., l. 3. Compare Dionys. Hal. l., pp. 102—179; Ovid, "Met." xiv. 600—623; Eusebius, "Chron. Can.," ii., pp. 290—320.

\* See M. Mariette's work, entitled, "Renseignements sur les soixante-quatre Apis trouvés au Sérapéum," Paris, 1855.

† "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. i., p. 506, col. ii.

‡ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. i., p. 32.

§ As quoted by M. Lenormant ("Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. i., p. 322—"Le plus grand de tous les obstacles à l'établissement d'une chronologie égyptienne régulière, c'est que les Égyptiens eux-mêmes n'ont jamais eu de chronologie.")

|| See Euseb., "Chron. Can.," l. 20.

¶ Syncellus, "Chronograph," pp. 55—78.

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part, at any rate—real personages, veritable men who held the royal dignity at some time or other in some part of Egypt. The question which alone divides historical critics, and which produces the existing diversity of opinion with respect to the duration of Egyptian civilisation, is simply this—Were the dynasties of Manetho continuous, or were any of them contemporary? If the latter, what deduction are we to make from his numbers on account of contemporaneity?

One writer—and one only—has denied that any two of Manetho's thirty-one dynasties were contemporary. "There were undoubtedly," says M. Mariette, "dynasties in Egypt which reigned simultaneously; but Manetho has rejected them, and has admitted none but those reckoned legitimate; the secondary dynasties are no longer in his lists." And again, "There is superabundant monumental proof collected by Egyptologists to show that all the royal races enumerated by the priest of Sebennytus (Manetho) occupied the throne one after the other."\*

All other Egyptologists are of a different opinion. All believe that Manetho has not wholly eliminated from his list contemporary dynasties, but has, on the contrary, included them occasionally. The differences between the various chronological schemes which we have already exhibited arise mainly from diversity of view as to the extent to which contemporary dynasties are admitted. M. Lenormant, in most respects the *alter ego* of M. Mariette, here, in this essential matter, deserts his master, and maintains that Manetho's eleventh dynasty was contemporary with his ninth and tenth, and his fourteenth dynasty contemporary with his thirteenth.† Dr. Brugsch makes the ninth and tenth dynasties contemporary with the eighth and eleventh; the fourteenth with the thirteenth; the seventeenth with the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the eighteenth; and the twenty-fifth with the end of the twenty-fourth and the beginning of the twenty-sixth.‡ Baron Bunsen advances a step beyond Dr. Brugsch; he places the second, fifth, ninth, tenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth in the list of collateral dynasties, regarding them as parallel to the third, the sixth, the eighth, and the fifteenth.§ Finally, the English Egyptologists, Sir G. Wilkinson and Mr. R. Stuart Poole, carry out the principle of contemporaneity still further than Baron Bunsen. With them, the third dynasty is contemporary with the first; the second with the fourth and fifth; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh with the sixth; the twelfth and thirteenth (at Thebes), the fourteenth (at Xoïs); and the three Shepherd dynasties, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, with the seventh and eighth (at Memphis).||

Besides this main cause of difference in the chronological schemes, there is a second arising from the uncertainty of Manetho's numbers, which are variously reported by Eusebius and Africanus.¶ Eusebius gives the ninth dynasty 100 years, Africanus 409 years. Eusebius makes the three Shepherd

dynasties reign respectively, 250, 190, and 108 years; Africanus, 284, 518, and 151 years, the sum of the differences in this latter case being 410 years. There is no reconciling these differences; and historians choose, as they please, the longer or the shorter estimates.

III. We come now to the final question, Which view of Egyptian chronology is, on the whole, to be preferred? Are we, with M. Mariette and Professor Owen, to regard civilisation as having commenced in Egypt above 5,000 years before the birth of our Saviour; or are we, with Poole and Wilkinson, to shorten the term by at least twenty-three centuries, and place its commencement not before B.C. 2,700? Or, finally, ought we to pursue, here as elsewhere, the *juste milieu*, and give the preference on that account to the date of Lepsius, or to the earlier view of Bunsen? It might have been hoped that the monuments, studied carefully and without prejudice, would have given a decided answer to this question; but at present they appear not to have done so. While on the one hand M. Mariette stoutly asserts that they show none of Manetho's dynasties to have been contemporary,\* all other Egyptologists declare that they prove contemporaneity in several instances. Mr. R. Stuart Poole asserts positively† that "kings" who unquestionably belong to different dynasties are shown by the monuments to be contemporary." Sir G. Wilkinson descends to particulars. "Useskef," he says, "of the second dynasty, is found together with Soris, or Shuré, and Menkera, of the fourth dynasty, and with Osirkef and Shafré of the fifth; while some of these again occur with Shufu and others of the fourth and fifth dynasties."‡ And again, "The ovals of the first four kings of the fifth dynasty have been found with those of the fourth dynasty;"§ and "other monuments prove that the eleventh dynasty reigned in the Thebaid at the same time" (as the sixth dynasty at Memphis);|| and "that the kings of the ninth were contemporaries of the eleventh, or earliest Theban dynasty is proved by the fact of Muntop II being mentioned on a stela together with the first Amun-m-he; and an Enentef, one of his predecessors, has been found with the third king of this eleventh dynasty, Muntop I."¶ It is marvellous that M. Mariette, writing several years after the publication of these statements, should, instead of controverting them, wholly ignore them and pass them by, as he does when he unblushingly declares: "Never have any of the savants who have set themselves to reduce Manetho's numbers succeeded in producing a single monument from which it results that two dynasties given by him as successive were in fact contemporary."\*\*

For ourselves we cannot doubt that the contemporaneity asserted, more or less, by all the Egyptologists except M. Mariette, is an established fact; but the extent to which it pervades Manetho's lists is, we admit, a matter of much uncertainty. Hitherto we have seen no disproof of the views taken by Mr. Stuart Poole and Sir G. Wilkinson, according to which—Manetho's dynastic numbers being accepted—

\* Quoted by Lenormant in his "Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. I, pp. 323-4.

† "Manuel de l'Histoire Ancienne de l'Orient," vol. I, pp. 348, 358.

‡ "Histoire d'Egypte," pp. 47, 49, 72, 238.

§ "Egypt's Place in Universal History," vol. II, pp. 106, 208, 239; and

vol. IV, pp. 499, 500, 510-512.

¶ "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I, p. 508; Rawlinson's "Herodotus,"

vol. II, Appendix to Book II, ch. viii, secs. 7, 9, 12, 13, 16, and 17.

¶ Manetho's numbers are in comparatively few cases reported identically by Eusebius and Africanus. The difference in a single dynasty sometimes exceeds 300 years.

\* See the passages quoted above.

† "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. I, p. 507, col. I.

‡ Rawlinson's "Herodotus," vol. II, Appendix to Book II, ch. viii, sec. 9.

§ Ibid., sec. 10; p. 292, second edition.

|| Ibid., sec. 11.

¶ Ibid., sec. 13.

\*\* "Jamais aucun des savants qui se sont efforcés de raccourcir les chiffres donnés par Manéthon n'est encore parvenu à produire un seul monument d'où il résultât que deux dynasties données comme successives dans ces listes aient été contemporaines." (Quoted in Lenormant's "Manuel," vol. I, p. 324.)

the date of Menès is brought down to about B.C. 2700. But we do not regard this date as in any sense established. There may have been more contemporaneity than even Mr. Poole and Sir G. Wilkinson suspect; and Manetho's dynastic numbers we regard as wholly uncertain. They are frequently wrong where we can test them,\* and they are evidently arrived at (as a general rule) by a mere addition of the numbers of the regnal years assigned to the several kings. But as association was largely practised in Egypt, such a mode of reckoning the years of a dynasty would be certain to produce a result greatly in excess of the truth. And further, we very much doubt whether Manetho, with the best intentions, had any materials for reconstructing the chronology of the Old or Middle Empires. The Shepherd conquest of Egypt threw everything into confusion, produced a complete shipwreck of Egyptian literature and civilisation.† The length of the Shepherd domination was unknown when Egypt, under the eighteenth dynasty, recovered itself, and was variously estimated at 260, 350, 811, and 953 years. In reality, Egyptian chronology only begins with the accession of the eighteenth dynasty, and even then is far from exact, the best critics varying in their dates for this event by nearly 200 years. We should be inclined to place it about B.C. 1500, or a little earlier. If the Shepherd period lasted about two centuries and a half, which is the view of Canon Cook,‡ the Old Empire would have come to an end about B.C. 1750. That there was such an empire is, we think, clearly established; and we have no doubt that the pyramids and various tombs now existing belonged to it. But its duration can only be guessed. We should be inclined, on the whole, to allow it from 500 to 700 years. The establishment of a settled monarchy in Egypt, and with it of civilisation, would then fall between B.C. 2450 and B.C. 2250.

This view appears to us to be more in accordance than any other with the general facts of oriental history and chronology.§ Its compatibility with the chronology of the Bible will be evident, if it be borne in mind that, according to the *Septuagint* version, the date of the deluge was certainly anterior to B.C. 3000.

### THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

THE old story of the princes in the Tower lays hold of the imagination of Englishmen with an irresistible tenacity, and awakens in a multitude of young minds an intense degree of plaintive sentiment. Like the nursery tale of the "Babes of the Wood," the legend has, with pity for the helpless victims, aroused indignation against the unnatural uncle, who slew his own kith and kin. And now

\* For instance, Manetho assigned to the twenty-sixth dynasty 150 (Africanus), or 163 (167) years (Eusebius); but M. Mariette is able from the monuments to determine positively that the term of its continuance was but 138 years (Lenormant, p. 321). Manetho gave the twenty-fifth dynasty a duration of forty (Africanus), or forty-four years (Eusebius). M. Mariette fixes its term at fifty years (ibid.).

† M. Lenormant says: "Nous assistons donc, sous la quinzième et seizième dynastie, à un nouveau *rafage* de la civilisation Égyptienne."

("Manuel," vol. I., p. 360). And a little before—"Dire ce que durant ces quatre cents ans (?) l'Égypte eut à subir de bouleversements est impossible. Le seul fait qu'il soit permis de donner comme certain, c'est que pas un monument de cette époque désolée n'est venu jusqu'à nous." Elsewhere he speaks of Egyptian civilisation as "annihilated" (anéantie) by the Shepherd invasion (p. 363).

‡ See the "Speaker's Commentary," vol. I., p. 447. The arguments of this writer against a longer duration of the Shepherd dominion than "from two to three centuries," appear to us to have great weight.

§ This point will be treated in future papers.

that her Majesty's Tower is made more accessible than ever, and troops of sightseers, day after day, are led through the storied chambers of this unique national monument, the memory of the slain sons of Edward IV will be extended more widely than ever.

It will not be amiss, then, just now, to refer to the ancient legend on this notable subject, and to describe the grounds on which it rests, and the doubts respecting it which have been largely entertained. These are days when history undergoes a serious sifting. Current beliefs are subjected to unsparing criticism, and it becomes all educated persons thoroughly to understand the exact position of certain historical statements, which, though implicitly accepted by the many, are questioned and even rejected by the few.

First of all, let us briefly report the story as told by John Stow in his "Annals of England."

King Richard, whilst his nephews lived, could not feel that his throne was safe, he therefore planned to have them put to death. He sent to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, where the royal boys were lodged, to prompt him to the murderous deed, but in vain. A certain Sir James Tirell, however, undertook the murderous business, and, by the usurper's authority, obtained the keys of the princes' prison for one fatal night. "After the keys were received, Sir James," so runs the story, "appointed the night ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince, as soon as the protector left the name, and took himself as king, had it shown unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which words the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said, 'Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom.' Then he that told him the tale, used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them; only one, called Black Will, or William Slaughter, except, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught rought of himself; but with the young babe, his brother, lingered with thought and heaviness, till this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness: for Sir James Tirell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them—a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, strong knave."

Delaroche's picture represents the poor captive lads sitting on the bed, in the sad and mournful plight depicted in Stow's quaint narrative. Fit prelude to the after tragedy! "Then all the other," the chronicler proceeds to say, "being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely [innocent] children lying in their beds), came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard into their mouths; that within a while, smothered and stifled,—their breath failing,—they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in the bed, which, after that the wretches perceived—first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still—to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed,



and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murderers to bury them at the stairs' foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones."

Such is the story told by Stow, in his "Life and Reign of King Richard the Third," and he recites it on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who wrote a history of the princes' uncle. More was born in 1480, three years before the death of Edward IV, their father. More, in his youth, was a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Bishop of Ely, who

executed is not certainly known." John Rastell, brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More, writing in 1529, remarks, "there were divers opinions of the way in which the princes were put to death." One was reported to have been smothered, the other to have had his throat cut; also it was rumoured that the corpses were put in a chest, and sunk in the sea. Rabyan cautiously relates: "The common fame went that King Richard had within the Tower put unto secret death the two sons of his brother." The contemporary "Chronicler of the Gray Friars of London"



Delaroche.]

[By permission, from the Collection of Sir Richard Wallace.

#### THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

knew as much about Richard and his doings as any man could in that age of lawless mystery, deception, intrigue, and falsehood. Lord Bacon, in his "Life of Henry VII," follows More, with some variations. Speed, in his "History of Great Britain," amplifies and dresses up, with a good deal of quaint rhetoric, the picturesque legend, as repeated by his predecessors. From these authors have been drawn all the renderings of those particular incidents which form the terrible tragedy of the Tower in the days of the third Richard. Other early writers on the subject are brief and reticent. One, Polydore Vergil, who commenced his history in 1505, says, "with what kind of death these sely (innocent) children were

simply records, "And the two sons of Edward were put to silence;" and the historian of Croyland observes, that "by what manner of violence they died was unknown."

At a very early period doubt and denial went much further. The history of Perkin Warbeck is one of the oddest episodes of the fifteenth century, and has puzzled a good many inquirers. The young man who now goes by that name was believed by many to be Richard Plantagenet, the younger of the two princes in the Tower. Such he professed himself to be, and was so recognised by Edward the Fourth's sister, Duchess of Burgundy, and by the sovereigns of France and Scotland. After a residence abroad, he

landed in Ireland, visited Scotland, and appeared in Cornwall. He was not without a considerable following among nobles, as well as common people. James iv of Scotland drew the sword on his behalf, denounced Henry vii as a false usurper, and declared Richard Plantagenet to be the true king. But all attempts on his behalf ended in defeat; and at length this bold assertor of royal claims was made prisoner, and confined in the Tower. At last he was hanged at Tyburn, on a confused charge of plotting with treasonable designs to escape out of the Tower with the Earl of Warwick.

No doubt the story of the young man is a very strange one, and it has been warmly endorsed and wildly embellished by James, the novelist historian, in his book entitled "Dark Scenes in History." Perkin Warbeck was said to be very much like Edward iv, and to be quite royal in his bearing. Of course the recognition of him by the Duchess of Burgundy and by the Kings of France and Scotland was strongly in his favour; but skill in the personation of another is a gift often possessed. The resemblance of the youth to Edward iv has been accounted for by supposing him an illegitimate son of that prince—no improbable supposition;—and the well-known intrigues of the French, Scotch, and Burgundian courts, in reference to English interests, render it not at all unlikely that they would favour the cause of a mere pretender for political purposes of their own. The story told by Perkin Warbeck is laden with heavy difficulties, and, as it seems to us, would have been deemed incredible but for the unpopularity of Henry vii. The case of the Tichborne claimant is here in point, and shows how, when self-interest, prejudice, and passion are awakened, the most absurd beliefs are greedily swallowed by many that we might suppose could never be easily imposed upon. The pretensions of Perkin Warbeck necessarily required the rejection of the story of the murder of the princes—at least, one of them; and it is difficult to say whether an antecedent belief of their murder led to the support of the pretender, or whether sympathy with the pretender led to the rejection of such statements as are preserved in More and Stow and Bacon.

One kind of evidence obviously desirable in reference to the question is the testimony of the mother of the boys, who was living at the time. It is true she might have been innocently deceived, or with selfish ends might have adopted the claimant; but to her no reference seems to have been made—certainly, he was not brought into her presence. What at first looks very surprising loses its wonderfulness when we remember the relation in which Henry of Richmond and the widow of Edward stood to each other; and the atmosphere of suspicion and intrigue breathed by all the royal and courtly actors of the period. Elizabeth Woodville, or Widville, was proud, ambitious, and little to be trusted—a sort of person to make personal enemies in spite of her beautiful face and golden tresses. By the way, in connection with her, let us say that we well remember being told by the late Mr. Jesse, Inspector of Parks and Palaces, that when her coffin was found at Windsor, together with coffins of her children, from one of them (that of the Princess Mary) there protruded a lock of pale gold, reminding one of her mother.

We may add that it is strange, too, that Warbeck was never confronted with Elizabeth of York, the Queen of Henry vii, and sister to the two princes of

whom it is recorded that "the love she bore her brothers and sisters was unheard of and almost incredible."

But when we have set aside the pretensions of Warbeck, we must not forget the fact that many did at the time question and disbelieve the romantic statements of historians and chroniclers respecting the two princes. We find in More the following passages:—"That the deaths and final fortunes of the two princes have nevertheless so far come in question, that some remained long in doubt whether they were in his day destroyed or no."

"These doubts arose from the uncertainty men were in whether Perkin Warbeck was the true Duke of York, for that also all things were so demeaned, that there was nothing so plain and openly proved but that yet men had it ever inwardly suspect."

And Bacon remarks: "Neither wanted there even at that time secret rumours and whisperings—which afterwards gathered strength and turned to great troubles—that the two young sons of King Edward iv, or one of them (which were said to be destroyed in the Tower), were not indeed murdered, but conveyed secretly away, and were yet living." Again, he says it was "whispered everywhere that at least one of the children of Edward iv was living."

It is further curious to find it noted in the margin of Speed's History (p. 958), that John Stow, notwithstanding what he relates in his Chronicle, "was often heard to maintain this opinion in seeming earnest, that the sons of King Edward iv had not been murdered under their usurping uncle Richard, but were escaped, and lived in obscurity beyond the seas."

The essay by Horace Walpole, entitled "Historic Doubts," sets forth, in a plausible manner, most of what can be said to unsettle belief in the old narratives of the children murdered in the Tower, and after pondering all his ingenious objections, and other difficulties suggested by further inquiry, an impression is left that much obscurity surrounds the popular affecting legend. But, however we may hesitate to accept all the particulars related in Stow, we do not see how we can set aside the belief that the two princes were murdered. Two of the most eminent legal authorities England ever produced—men accustomed to sift evidences—united in that belief, whilst they candidly stated the opinions of others to the contrary. The accused ruffians did in the reign of Henry vii confess themselves guilty; a fact which, after all the plausible reasoning employed to impugn the truth of their confession, strikes us as powerful evidence that they committed the crime. Moreover, for Richard to have left the princes living would have been to risk the overthrow of his own usurpation. The earlier historians, who shortly relate the matter, and speak of doubt and uncertainty in reference to particulars, do not themselves express any scepticism as to the main fact. If the princes were not murdered, what became of them? Even Warbeck's story leaves the fate of Edward Plantagenet a perfect mystery.

Finally, that which settles the matter in the estimation of most writers, is the discovery made in the Tower during the reign of Charles ii. Nobody in Henry vii's time could say where the bodies were. That circumstance threw suspicion on the commonly received stories, and well accounts for much of the scepticism we have indicated. It was alleged that

there were two burials, and the priest said to have interred them was dead. Shakespeare puts into the lips of Tirell the words,

"The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know."

Workmen, in making a new staircase in the time of Charles II, found under a staircase in the White Tower the bones of two youths, just answering to the ages of Edward and Richard Plantagenet. The bones were in the very place where they were said to be first interred, but the story of their being removed to another spot prevented any one searching

for them. The bones were examined, and the result was the identification of the remains with the murdered victims. They were conveyed to Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, and there interred.

Visitors to the old citadel of London, then, whilst informed respecting the doubts which have arisen touching one of the stories heard in childhood, may, after reviewing proofs of the historical statements so often repeated, fairly come to the conclusion that, whatever of colouring, dark but doubtful, has been added to the story, the fact remains that the two sons of Edward IV did really perish in the Tower, victims to their uncle's ambition and inhumanity.

#### CONCERNING SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

L

THAT is "a pretty story"—as, indeed, good old Bishop Latimer calls it, quoting it from one of the old Fathers of the Church—of St. Anthony, that when he was living a very hard and severe life in the wilderness, there came to him one day a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Hearing this, Anthony forthwith rose, took his staff, and travelled to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler, who was greatly astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then spake Anthony to him, saying, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none; my life is but simple and slender, seeing that I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after that I sit me down to my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make any man a promise I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, so far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God; and this is the sum of my simple life." Thus far good old Bishop Latimer. That which the voice from heaven enjoined Anthony to do, we purpose to do with the readers of some few of the following pages. We purpose to send them to the professors of that singularly honourable and quite remarkable craft of shoemaking—even cobblers—and the material upon which they have expended their ingenuity; for it is really very noticeable how illustrious some of the professors of the craft have been, and what a variety of interesting associations gather around those matters which people thoughtlessly tread under foot every day—even shoes.

And to begin, we still find ourselves among the old traditions of church history, which, in the language of Shakespeare in "Henry V"—

"Rouse us at the name of Crispian;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But they, by us, shall be remembered."

Our quotation from Shakespeare, as perhaps our readers will notice, is somewhat free, but not beyond

the mark, and it is suitable for our purpose. St. Crispin is the shoemaker's patron saint, and the battle of Agincourt was fought upon St. Crispin's day, October the 25th. It may be presumed, notwithstanding the equivocal character of Shakespeare's line, that he knew, in church legends, St. Crispin and St. Crispianus were reputed to be two brothers, of the third century, who departed from Rome with St. Denis to preach the gospel in France. Like St. Paul at Corinth, who worked at his occupation as a tent-maker while he was preaching in that city, they, not willing to be a burden upon others, worked at their occupation as shoemakers, and they made shoes *gratis* for the poor, the angels very kindly, it is said, supplying them with leather—which was very considerate of the angels. But at last they were denounced as Christians, and after being put to severe tortures, were beheaded at Soissons. The very names of these good saints give a suspicious air to the whole story. However, their repute and fame have been very extensive, especially in France, where many old engravings represent them as holding in one hand the martyr's palm, and in the other the shoemaker's awl or knife. Mrs. Jameson, in her book on "Sacred Art," speaks of old stained glass on which they were depicted working at their shoes, or distributing them to the poor. They, of course, also became famous in connection with the great shoemaker guilds of the middle ages, throughout France and Germany, and they engaged in their honour the immortal pencil and canvas of Guido. We, in these later days, boast of a humble working shoemaker who has never ascended, and will never attain to the honours of such canonisation, although, like the reputed martyrs of Soissons, he sought and succeeded in uniting to his craft divine labours of benevolence, which surely ought to confer upon his name something of earthly immortality—John Pounds, the lowly cobbler of Portsmouth, who, like Robert Raikes in a preceding age, first gave to the world the idea of ragged schools.

Other crafts may possibly make out for themselves a great eminence in the possession of noble names and singular incidents, but we do somewhat doubt if any can show such an illustrious line as the shoemakers. There is, in an old romance, introduced a prince of the name of Crispin, whom it represents as having been compelled to exercise the functions of this craft; and, very singularly, it has been sup-



posed often to be one which might be employed by persons of gentle birth, as the verse of an old song sings—

"Our shoes were sew'd with merry notes,  
And by our mirth expell'd all moan,  
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats  
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown;  
The gentle craft is fittest then  
For poor distressed gentlemen."

We believe the craft of the shoemaker is the only lowly profession which has attained to the more dignified designation of the *gentle craft*. A tolerably sized volume might be filled with the names and exploits of shoemakers—with their poems, or poems about them, with proverbs concerning them, and incidents with which they are lineally or collaterally connected. Not one of the least of these curious incidents is the tradition that the most illustrious of the royal blood of Spain, in Spain's illustrious day, flowed originally from the veins of a shoemaker of Veyros, a town in Portugal. The shoemaker's daughter, Inez, most remarkable for her beauty, became the mistress of Don John, the Governor of Veyros. The old shoemaker never forgave her. He cast her out from his house; but, although he would never see her more, to show that his severity was not a matter of passion, but of principle with him, he thought that he ought, after the fashion of his age, to expiate her fault, and so, thereafter, he would never lie on a bed, nor eat at a table, nor change his linen, nor cut hair nor beard; and he grew such a fright that he came to be known as *Barbaton*, or *Old Bearded*. The young lady herself also, perhaps smitten by grief for her father's sorrow, entered a nunnery, of which she became the abbess, leaving behind her a great reputation for virtue and holiness; her son, called Don Alphonso, to his honour, made a pilgrimage to Veyros to obtain the blessing of Old Bearded, his grandfather, which he could only with great difficulty secure. Old Bearded, however, did lay his hands upon the duke's head, and gave him his blessing; but the stubborn old shoemaker would hold no talk with him, and say no more. Shortly after, the old man died. A daughter of this young duke became the Queen of Castile, and the mother of the great Isabel, the grandmother of the emperor Charles V. We have always thought we saw something of that old shoemaker reproduced in that most unbeautiful of all Spanish princes, Philip II. In this pretty story of nobility and virtue running to waste, we have a singular illustration of the dignity of Spanish ancestry, and how princes may claim alliance with the *gentle craft*.

Shoemakers have played a great part from the pens and pages of novelists and poets. Of this we have striking instances in some of the pages of Lord Lytton, George McDonald, Charles Dickens, and others; and it is remarkable that when writers like Hannah More and the author of the interesting little volume published fifty years since, called "*Leisure Hours*," wished to convey their pious and entertaining moralities, they took their illustrations from shoemakers and set them talking. Shoemakers have somehow been renowned for a sort of thoughtful and sombre loquacity, very often a hard-headed, and perhaps morose indisposition, to take to heart any of the cheerful views of faith or life, either for this world or the next. We shall see noble illustrations to the contrary, but it is often as if they were per-

petually beating out theories on their leather, or as if, incessantly looking down, they were prevented from taking note of more encouraging sights and scenes than their own state could afford.

In Shakespeare's opening scene to *Julius Caesar*, while he was describing what might have happened in a mob at Rome, he was no doubt giving a side glance at the manners of London in his day. Shoemakers have had a proverbial reputation for seizing every opportunity of escaping from the monotony of their employment, or mingling with any agitation of a restive multitude; but perhaps they have scarcely done so with the amiable forethought implied in the last lines of the following scene:—

*Flavius*.—Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1st Citizen*.—Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Marullus*.—Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with they best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

*2nd Citizen*.—Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,  
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar*.—But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2nd Cit*.—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe  
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad  
soles.

*Flav*.—What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what  
trade?

*2nd Cit*.—Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:  
Yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar*.—What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy  
fellow?

*2nd Cit*.—Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav*.—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2nd Cit*.—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle  
with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,  
but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As  
proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have  
gone upon my handiwork.

*Flav*.—But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2nd Cit*.—Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to  
see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

But to take up a more serious tone. It has truly been said, the shoemaker's craft seems ever to have been a noble craft for great minds—an unprepossessing craft enough, but it may be questioned whether any other can show such an array of great names of philosophers, patriots, poets, linguists, preachers, and mystics; and although we fear it may seem that our poetical quotations trip too rapidly upon the heels of each other, this is the place in which we must refer to Whittier's noble lines. They constitute him really—New England gentleman and farmer as he is—the laureate of shoemakers. We only quote three verses from his noble piece.

"The foremost still by day and night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster.

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Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
 Ye need no idle scorner;  
 Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
 And duty done, your honour.  
 Ye dare to trust for honest fame,  
 The jury Time empanels,  
 And leave to Truth each noble name  
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sach, are ringing yet,  
 In strong and hearty German;  
 And Blomfield's lay and Gifford's wit,  
 And the rare good sense of Sherman;  
 Still from her books a mystic seer,  
 The soul of Boehmen preaches,  
 And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
 Of Fox's leathern breeches."

The wonderful old city of Nuremburg teems with the memories of many men—princes and peers—in the healthy world of labour; but among them all none is more eminent than Hans Sach, the great lyrical shoemaker. Goethe greatly admired him; Thomas Carlyle speaks of him as a "gay, childlike, devout, solid character—a man neither to be despised nor patronised, but left standing on his own basis, as a singular product, and still legible symbol, and clear mirror of the time and country where he lived." He was the contemporary of Luther, and his hearty, ringing verses aided the great work of the reformation. He poured them out—devout hymns, satires, songs, tales, and allegories in verse—in a copious stream, and lived to a good old age. He saw them collected into three folio volumes. Germany is proud of them still, and his name is mentioned with honour in every history of German literature. Some of his hymns have a very fine devotional note, and few literary curiosities could be more interesting to us now than the reproduction of a fair illustration, in our language, of the mind of the old shoemaker of Nuremburg.

The shoemaker of Gorlitz, Jacob Boehmen, belongs to a later age. His works we must not characterise further than to say that their astonishing mystical tone has excited raptures of wonder and reverence from quite innumerable disciples. Charles I read them—probably introduced to him by Jeremy Taylor. He professed his entire astonishment at them, saying that "had they been the production of a scholar and a man of learning they would have been truly wonderful; but if, as he heard, they were the productions of a poor shoemaker, they furnished a proof that the Holy Ghost had still a habitation in the souls of men."

A kindred spirit, and of the same guild with Jacob Boehmen's, is that of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; but, eminent as he was, and worthy of all honour—his journal and life altogether one of the most marvellous pieces of biography—we shall here only thus mention his name in passing.

The order of shoemakers has been very remarkable for the possession of those men who have been gifted, in an eminent degree, with the faculties of poetry, and especially metaphysical thought.

It is many a long year ago since the bellman or crier of some remote village in Cornwall went on his way announcing to the astonished inhabitants that "Samuel Drew, the author of the great work on the 'Mortality and Immortality of the Human Soul,' would preach that night in the Wesleyan chapel."

He a little mis-rendered the title, but perhaps those who set him upon his task in that day knew little more of the correct terms than the bellman. The title of the book was "The Immortality and the Immateriality of the Human Soul." It was written in the cottage of a Cornish shoemaker, at St. Austell; its author was quite a poor, but, as certainly, quite a respectable man; this book, which won for him the designation of the English Plato from the lips of Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society of that day, and the offer of the first chair in mental science in the London University, was written in the intervals or at the close of the day's labour, with his children playing or crying about him in the same room—a singular proof of his continued tenacity of abstraction, when dealing with such remote recondite affairs. The life of Samuel Drew has a good many items of romantic interest. He was born and lived in Cornwall when it was the great region of wreckers and smugglers; but there can be nothing more romantic than this great man's account of his own course of study. We believe it was to Dr. Adam Clarke he wrote, "I have no study, I have no retirement; I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently, when I review what I have written, I cultivate the art to blot." In his early days of mental cultivation he was perhaps not a great nor extensive reader, but a very careful and thoughtful one, and it is to his honour that while he was diligent in rousing the metaphysician within him by the study of Locke's great work on "The Understanding," he was equally sedulous in following the advice of poor Richard's Almanack. Like so many of his order, in his first days he was in great danger of becoming a vehement politician. He tells how he was saved from this disaster. His shop was filled with lazy loungers during the day, and he was not indisposed to slide away from his stall also for animating gossip in the house of some other vehement politician in the neighbourhood. This laid upon him the necessity of making up for lost time at night, when his shutters were closed. One night, while he was thus engaged, some shrill juvenile pipe, the mouthpiece of a herd of boys, was heard crying through his keyhole, "Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night and run about all day!" "And did you follow the boy with your strap?" said the friend to whom he was telling the story. "No, no," said Mr. Drew; "had a pistol been fired in my ears I could not have been more dismayed; I dropped my work, saying, 'True, true, but you shall not say that of me again.' To me it was a word in season; it was as the voice of God, and I learned from it not to be idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf." Thus we set before our readers the two sides of Samuel Drew's character. If he became a great philosopher, he did not neglect his family, or the life of labour to which he was called. When little more, however, than a rough Cornish lad, he went into a bookseller's shop in Truro to inquire if they had a copy of the "Phædo" of Plato. There was a singular incongruity between the unclassical appearance of the youth and the book about which he was inquiring. Some military officers were in the shop, and one of them, thinking it a fine opportunity for a joke, said, "Mr. — has not got Plato, my man, but here," presenting him with a child's spelling-book, "is what he thinks will be more likely to be serviceable, and as you do not seem

to be over-burdened with cash, I'll make you a present of it." Drew was not wanting in wit,—we do not know what his reply was, but the officer instantly retreated before it in confusion. Drew had degrees conferred upon him by many universities, but he never used any of them. He lived in London for many years, editing one of the most entertaining and advanced periodicals of his day, the "Imperial Magazine;" but he longed to return to his native little town of St. Austell to die, and there two beautiful marble monuments commemorate his worth, one raised by the Methodist society, of which he was a member, in the chapel; the other, a more costly monument, raised by the county, in the parish church. Apropos of Wesleyanism, we believe we are correct in saying that the most brilliant and illustrious genius it has produced by his combination of the faculties of preacher, metaphysician, and scholar, Richard Watson, was originally a shoemaker; and so also was that very inferior, but most remarkable man, Samuel Bradburn; it was he who preached the celebrated sermon on "Old Shoes and clouted," but that story may pass untold.

Robert Morrison, the mighty Chinese scholar, scarcely attained to the dignity of a shoemaker; he did not make leathern shoes, but wooden clogs in Newcastle. Going out as a missionary to China, he not only translated the whole Scriptures into the Chinese language, but his labours were immense in reducing the whole literature of China to method and symmetry; he was the pioneer to European intelligence in the knowledge of that most difficult of tongues, and did for it what Johnson did for the English language. He truly deserves the name of the Leviathan of the Chinese Language.

And it is very singular that while the London Missionary Society found, in a humble shoemaker, its agent for breaking open the hermetically-sealed lore of the Chinese empire, the Baptist Missionary Society found, in another shoemaker, its agent for the performance of the same work in our empire in the East. William Carey came from the great metropolis of English shoemakers, Northamptonshire. It is said that he was not mightily expert at his craft, but a pair of shoes made by him is, or was, long preserved at the Baptist Mission House. He was one of an order of stupendous missionary scholars, became professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee in the college at Fort William, in Calcutta, and he translated the New Testament into many of the languages of the East.

But the gentle craft has given to us also Biblical scholars who have remained to do their work at home—none more wonderful than the poor deaf parish-boy of Plymouth, John Kitto. His life is a noble one, and he was a beautiful, affectionate, and most grateful soul. He toiled through a world of work. His "Pictorial Bible," "Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and especially his eight charming volumes of "Daily Bible Illustrations," in which learning and simplicity of style go on so pleasantly hand in hand together, are monuments of labour pursued under the pressure of circumstances which to most men would have been eminently hopeless. There is a passage of personal experience in one of his "Bible Illustrations," so beautiful, that although these notices of eminent persons are very slight and fragmentary, we cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting it. Let the reader remember it is the comment the accomplished scholar and gentleman

makes upon a text he had marked thirty years before in his Bible in the workhouse: "Thirty years ago, before the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house, and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah: 'I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Of the many books I now possess, this Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me, and I find that although the hair which then was dark as night has meanwhile become as sable silvered, the ink which marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness, as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording, the growing intensity of the conviction that 'they shall not be ashamed who wait for Thee.' I believed it then, but I know it now, and I can write *probatum est*, with my whole heart, over against the symbol which that mark is to me of my ancient faith. 'They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.' Looking back through the long period which has passed since I set my mark to these words—a portion of human life which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting in all men's experience—it is a joy to be able to say, 'I have waited for Thee, and have not been ashamed.' Under many perilous circumstances, in many most trying scenes, amid faintings within and fears without, and under tortures that rend the heart, and troubles that crush it down, I have waited for Thee, and lo! I stand this day as one not ashamed." Although his life was so strangely varied a career, and his works prosecuted through so much difficulty, Dr. Kitto was comparatively a young man when it came to a close.

#### CERTIFICATED OFFICERS OF HEALTH.

"PREVENTION better than Cure" is so trite, so true, so old an adage, that the wonder is that only lately, under the term "Preventive, or State Medicine," its importance as regards sanitary matters has been recognised, and that attempts to enforce its principles have been made. The consolidation of the Nuisances Removal Act, the Public Health Act, 1848, Sanitary Acts, 1866 and 1872, resulted in the Public Health Act of last session, and the recommendation of the appointment of well-trained and specially-qualified medical men for this department as "officers of health"—especially to large districts. Having sufficient salaries, they are debarred from private practice, and thus can act independently, and not allow the law to become a dead letter, as is too frequently the case where to so-called officers of health, not under the Government Act, small salaries are paid to do nothing, or next to nothing.

The first examination for the newly-established certificates in State Medicine took place at Cambridge, on October 6th, and four following days. The examination was divided into two parts—of which the candidates could either select I, or II, or both. Part I. comprised physics and chemistry—the principles of chemistry, and methods of analysis with especial reference to analyses (microscopical as well as chemical) of air and water. The laws of heat and the principles of pneumatics, hydrostatics, and hydraulics, with especial reference to ventilation, water-supply, drainage, construction of dwellings, and sanitary engineering in general. Part II. comprised the laws of the realm relating to public health



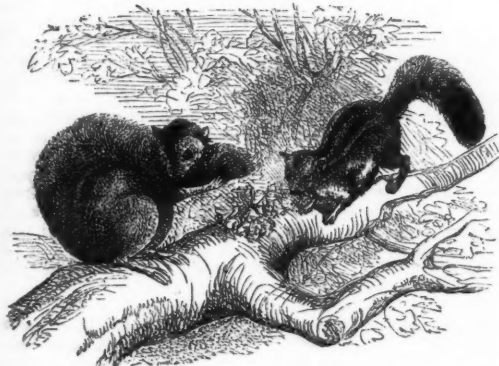
—sanitary statistics; origin, propagation, pathology, and prevention of epidemic and infectious diseases. Effects of over-crowding, vitiated air, impure water, and bad and insufficient food, unhealthy occupations and the diseases to which they give rise. Water-supply, and disposal of sewage and refuse. Nuisances injurious to health. Distribution of diseases within the United Kingdom, and effects of soil, season, and climate; besides which there were oral examinations; practical laboratory work and reporting on hospitals or unhealthy districts of the town.

In the report to the Senate of the Syndicate appointed to superintend this examination, it is stated that twenty-eight candidates entered, of whom twenty-six presented themselves for examination. Four offered themselves in Part I. only, of whom one was approved. The remaining twenty-two were examined in both parts, and nineteen of them were approved.

Two days were devoted to each part of the examination. In each part two papers of questions, each of which had been submitted to all four examiners, were set, to which written answers were required. In each part the candidates were also questioned orally by two of the examiners, and in each part the candidates were tested by practical work. Such a knowledge of sanitary science as has been shown by the successful candidates proves them to be entitled to some trustworthy voucher for their acquirements. The university certificate, granted after thorough examination, will serve to assist the judgment of those public bodies in which the choice of officers of health has been invested by the law.

## AN INDIAN FABLE WITHOUT A MORAL.

THE TRUE REASON WHY MR. SQUIRREL DID NOT GO OUT TO DINNER.



SAYS Mrs. Squirrel to Mr. Squirrel, "Where are you going to-day, my dear?"

I've got such a nice little dinner of rice, and I really do wish you would stay, my dear."

Says Mr. Squirrel to Mrs. Squirrel, "I'm sure you're exceedingly kind, my love;

I should like to stay; but—as to to-day—well! I haven't quite made up my mind, my love."

Says Mrs. Squirrel to Mr. Squirrel, "Then do so for once in your life, my pet:

You always are out gadding about; stay at home and dine with your wife, my pet."

Says Mr. Squirrel to Mrs. Squirrel, "There's nothing on earth I'd like more, my sweet; But I've business to do, and I needn't tell you that I think it a terrible bore, my sweet."

"Business!" says she; "No, you need not tell me that business bores you, Mr. S., indeed: Business! pooh! pooh! pray, when did you do any business? I wish I could guess, indeed."

"Now, really, my dear, you are angry, I fear; as if I had purposely planned it all: But a Squirrel like me has business, you see, which I could not make you understand at all."

"Don't tell me! fiddle de dee! it's only you want to leave me behind; You think I don't know, but I've seen you go with your tail brushed out like a C behind."

"Now, that's hardly fair to find fault with my hair; you are trying to try all my patience, love! No one can be more quiet than me, but Squirrels must dress in their stations, love."

"Stations! oh, yes, very fine, Mr. S.! What station do you think that mine can be? While I have to stay with the children all day, you are peacocking finer than fine can be."

"The motherly, kind, cheerful, feminine mind, seeks in *home* the most pleasing variety now: It's the *duty* of males to trim up their tails, and then to plunge into society now."

"Society! eh, *what* society, pray? that's a thing that I very much want to know: You will not take me for fear I should see some mischief or other you're on to now."

"Mrs. S., I must crave permission to waive all discussion while you're in this state of mind; Such temper, you see, is quite foreign to me, though to you it appears to be native, mind!

I am now going out. On reflection, no doubt, you will fully acknowledge how wrong you've been: Your conduct to-day, I am sorry to say, shows the humour in which it's too long you've been."

Mr. Squirrel turned round, but she made a bound, and she called him a horrible brute, she did: She pushed him, I vow, from the very top bough, and she tumbled him down to the root, she did.

[Now Juggoo had put at that very tree-foot that gin they so often had started at; Above and beneath it was furnished with teeth, and it snapped so, it made all your heart pit pat.]

On reaching the ground he turned angrily round; but he yelled with terror and whipped right off, For he heard the snap of that terrible trap; and his beautiful tail—it was snapped right off.

With the utmost care he brushed up the hair, earnestly hoping it would not show; But it saddened his mind, as he looked behind—it was perfectly clear that he *could* not go.

J., Cawnpore.

## Varieties.

**FUGITIVE SLAVES.**—Of the revised Admiralty Circular, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society says:—"The only parties this Circular will satisfy are slavers. It will confirm most thoroughly the impression, even now prevalent in slave states, that the English Government is not really in earnest in its efforts to destroy slavery. It will be for the English people to demand that a new Circular be issued, distinctly affirming that, whether on the high seas or in territorial waters, the fugitive slave becomes free as soon as he gains the deck of a British ship. Let slave states see to it that their slaves do not get on board. If they fail to do so, the fugitive has won his freedom." A ship of the British navy is a bit of "old England," and of it, as of the land of freedom to which it belongs, the lines of the poet apply:—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of all your empire; that, when Britain's power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too."

**SUEZ CANAL.**—The Canal was opened in December, 1869, in presence of many representatives of foreign Powers, but the political importance given to the event gave great offence at Constantinople, and the Khedive was compelled to send a long letter to the Sultan deprecating his displeasure. The traffic on the canal has steadily increased from the opening. The number of vessels which passed through in 1872 was 1,680; in 1873 it was 1,173; in 1874 it was 1,264. The tonnage, which was 1,439,000 in 1872, was 2,085,000 in 1873, and 2,424,000 in 1874. This is an increase in 1873 over 1872 of 45 per cent., and in 1874 over 1873 of about 15 per cent. In nothing have predictions been so falsified as the working expenditure of the company. In the year 1873 the receipts were £991,000, and the expenditure £225,000, leaving £766,000 as net revenue. The cost of working was thus 23 per cent., which is much lower than was calculated when the canal was opened, the maintenance of the works proving less costly than was expected. In 1874 the gross receipts were £1,056,000, and the expenditure £248,000, the working expenses being 25 per cent. Port Said has not been choked up by a deposit of Nile mud; the canal has not been filled by the sand blown into it from the desert, and the water in it has not been carried off by evaporation—all which misfortunes it was confidently asserted, six years ago, were certain to happen.

**GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.**—The first number of the new periodical, "Whitaker's Journal," contained a characteristic letter from Mr. George Cruikshank. It is entitled, "How I put a stop to hanging":—

"DEAR WHITAKER,—About the year 1817 or 1818 there were one pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, there were forged one pound bank notes in circulation also; and the punishment for passing these forged notes was in some cases transportation for life, and in others DEATH.

"At that time I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England, and in returning home between eight and nine o'clock down Ludgate Hill, and seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate prison, and to my horror two of these were WOMEN; and, upon inquiring what these women had been hung for, was informed that it was for passing forged one pound notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had a great effect upon me, and I at that moment determined, if possible, to put a stop to this shocking destruction of life for merely obtaining a few shillings by fraud; and well knowing the habits of the low class of society in London, I felt quite sure that in very many cases the rascals who forged the notes induced these poor ignorant women to go into the gin-shops to "get something to drink," and thus pass the notes and hand them the change.

"My residence was a short distance from Ludgate Hill, and after witnessing this tragic scene I went home, and in ten

minutes designed and made a sketch of this 'Bank note not to be imitated.' About half-an-hour after this was done, William Hone came into my room and saw the sketch lying upon my table; he was much struck with it, and said: 'What are you going to do with this, George?' 'To publish it,' I replied. Then he said: 'Will you let me have it?' To his request I consented, made an etching of it, and it was published. Mr. Hone then resided on Ludgate Hill, not many yards from the spot where I had seen the people hanging on the gibbet, and when it appeared in his shop-windows it created a great sensation, and the people gathered round his house in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the City police (of that day) to disperse the crowd. The Bank Directors held a meeting immediately upon the subject, and AFTER THAT they issued no more one pound notes, and so there was no more hanging for passing FORGED one pound notes; not only that, but ultimately no hanging even for forgery. AFTER THIS Sir Robert Peel got a bill passed in Parliament for the 'Resumption of cash payments.' AFTER THIS he revised the penal code, and AFTER THAT there was not any more hanging or punishment of DEATH for minor offences.

"In a work that I am preparing for publication I intend to give a copy of 'The Bank Note,' as I consider it the most important design and etching that I ever made in my life; for it has saved the lives of thousands of my fellow-creatures; and for having been able to do this Christian act I am indeed most sincerely thankful, and am, dear Friend, yours truly,

"GEORGE CRUIKSHANK."

**LONDON ALE AND PORTER.**—The "Sanitary Record" states that 119 separate analyses of samples of ale and porter sold over the counter by publicans in various parts of London, show such a percentage of alcohol that it is obvious that a person who drinks two quarts of fourpenny ale or porter consumes more alcohol than is contained in half a pint of brandy or whisky. This will, no doubt, astonish a good many people who are apt to think a couple of quarts of ale a day quite a moderate allowance, and when they find intoxication from beer among the lower classes so common are apt to attribute it to some mysterious adulteration of beer and ale. We have excellent reason for stating that the main adulteration of ale and porter practised in London is the addition of sugar or treacle and water, and the lamentable frequency of intoxication is mainly due to excess of quantity rather than to defect of quality in beer. This statement of the "Sanitary Record" has been contradicted by other analysts, who reduce the average of alcohol in the London popular drinks by at least one-half. They leave enough, however, to account for the prevalent "beeriness" of the average "British workman" of the period. The temperance cause certainly is making some progress. A hundred years ago, when Benjamin Franklin worked as pressman at Watts' printing-office, he was the only water-drinker in the whole establishment. The "American aquatic," as they called him, could lift double the weight and do double the work of any of Watts' men at that day, but not one of them followed his good example.

**RAISING SUNKEN VESSELS.**—Mr. W. B. Caulfield claims to have used air-bags successfully in 1863 in raising three vessels—viz., the Prince Consort, steamer, at Aberdeen, the brig Ridesdale and her Majesty's brig Partridge, in Southampton Water. "In 1864," says Mr. Caulfield, "I also raised with the same bags the brig Dauntless, sunk in 25 ft. of water, and another bark (name forgotten) sunk off Ventnor—after which my connection with the apparatus ceased. I had no other opportunity of using these air-bags, except in the five cases mentioned, but in each of these the mode of application was variously modified to meet its peculiar conditions, and in all with complete success. In material and construction our bags differ but little from the Russian. But they were of smaller size, lighter fabric, more easily handled, and extremely portable, a lifting power of forty tons when folded up being compressible into a hogshead for transport. Their mode of inflation was, moreover, more simple and certain than the Russian (recommended for raising the Vanguard), requiring no safety-valves in rising to the surface, and their cost in proportion to lifting power not more than half."